

*The Historie of*

Which 1400. yeares agoe were nailde,  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse:  
But this our purpose is twelue month old,  
And bootles tis to tell you we will goe.  
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Coosen *Westmerland*,  
What yesternight our Counsell did decree,  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My Liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set downe  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A Post from *Wales*, loaden with heauie newes;  
Whose worst was, that the noble *Mortimer*,  
Leading the men of *Herefordshire* to fight  
Against the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered:  
Vpon whose dead corps there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shameles transformation  
By those Welch-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retold or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our busines for the Holy-land.

*West.* This matcht with other like my Gracious Lord,  
Far more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotspur* there  
Yong *Harry Percie*, and braue *Archibald*,  
That euer valiant and approved *Scot*,  
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillarie,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take Horse,  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a deare, and true industrious friend,  
*Sir Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,

Stainde

*Henry the Fourth.*

Stainde with the variation of each soyle,  
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcome newes,  
The Earle of *Dowglas* is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights  
Balkt in their owne blood did *sir Walter* see  
On *Holmedon* plaine: of prisoners *Hotspur* tooke  
*Mordake* Earle of *Fife*, and eldest sonne  
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,  
Of *Murrey*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*:  
And is not this an honorable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha, Coosen is it not? In faith it is.

*West.* A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sinne  
In enuy, that my Lord *Northumberland*,  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne,  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tong,  
Amongst a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her pride,  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of him,  
See Ryot and dishonour staine the brow  
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd  
That some night-tripping Fairy had exchange'd  
In Cradle clothes, our children where they lay,  
And cal'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet*,  
Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine,  
But let him from my thoughts: What thinke you Coose,  
Of this yong *Percies* pride? The Prisoners,  
Which he in this aduenture hath surpris'd,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word,  
I shall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

*West.* This is his Vnckles teaching, This is *Worcester*,  
Malevolent to you in all aspects:  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your dignitie.

*King.* But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to *Ierusalem*.

A. 3

Coosen